



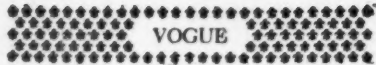
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13 OCTOBER, 1898

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DIED
Du Fuy.—On Fri., 7 Oct., at a quarter past 2, P. M., Charles Meredith Du Fuy, in his 75th year.
Sutton.—At Mount Kisco, N. Y., William J. Sutton, son of the late Alfred A. Sutton, on Thu., 6 Oct., in his 37th year.

ENGAGEMENTS
Ernst-Grinnell.—Miss Elizabeth Le Ernst, daughter of General D. H. Ernst, to Mr. William Morton Grinnell, of New York.
Terrell-Buckley.—Miss Bertha Leslie Terrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Leslie Terrell of New York, to Mr. Wilfred Buckley, son of Mr. Henry Buckley, of Birmingham, England.

WEDDINGS TO COME
Griggs-Lee.—Mr. Maitland Fuller Griggs and Miss Carolyn Cowles Lee, daughter of Mr. Charles Northam Lee, will be married in the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Wed., 9 Nov., at 3.30.

WEDDINGS
Brown-Hewlett.—Mr. James Crosby Brown, son of Mr. John Crosby Brown, and Miss Mary Hewlett, daughter of the late James Augustus Hewlett, of Brooklyn, will be married in Trinity Church, Hewletts, Long Island, to-day, at 12.30, Right Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, assisted by Rev. Thomas Martin, officiating. Maid of honor, Miss Louise Hewlett. Bridesmaids, Miss Amy Brown, Miss Hewitt, Miss Sarah Seaman, Miss Elsie Oden, Miss Stillman, Miss Margaret Adams. Best man, Mr. William Adams Delano. Ushers, Mr. Alonzo Potter, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Brown, Mr. Origen Seymour, Mr. Allan Appleton Robbins, Mr. Henry Lane Eno, Mr. Arthur Hewlett, Mr. Russell Hewlett.

Good-Wetherbee.—Mr. Harry Hoyt Good and Miss Lilah H. Wetherbee, daughter of Mr. Charles Wetherbee, were married in the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Wed., 12 Oct., the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, assisted by Dr. Abbott Kittredge, officiating. Maid of honor, Miss Georgie Whitcomb. Bridesmaids, Miss Fannie Ely, Miss Gertrude Chase, Miss Alaine Whitcomb, Miss Mira Bien, Miss Louise Whitney, Miss Lillian Jones, Miss Kate Good. Best man, Mr. Charles Orcutt. Ushers, Mr. Rufus B. Cowing, Jr., Mr. W. G. Hitchcock, Mr. Edgar Peck, Mr. H. H. Altman, Mr. Joseph M. Schenck, Mr. A. B. Schenck.

INTIMATIONS
Barclay.—Mr. and Mr. Walter C. Barclay and Miss Edith Barclay will return from Europe, where they have spent the last three years, early in December.

De Forest.—Mr. and Mrs. George B. De Forest have returned to town but will go to Virginia Hot Springs for several weeks before settling in New York for the winter.

Duer.—Mr. and Mrs. William Duer returned from Europe last week and are now visiting their daughter, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, at Westbury, L. I.

Dodge.—Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge and Miss Dodge arrived on the Campania from Europe last week.

Godfrey.—Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Miss Ada Godfrey and Mr. E. Drexel Godfrey sailed for Europe on the Augusta-Victoria last week.

Lorillard.—Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard will spend most of the Winter at Newport.

Travers.—Mr. and Mrs. William R. Travers have returned to town for the winter.

DANCES
Church.—The dancing class organized by Mrs. Benjamin S. Church will meet at Sherry's on Fri., 16 and 30 Dec., 13 and 27 Jan., 1 and 7 Feb.
Fortnightly Dances.—The fortnightly dances will be held at Sherry's on 6 and 20 Dec., 3, 17 and 31 Jan., 14 Feb.
Junior Cotillions.—The junior cotillions,

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which were organized by Mrs. Arthur Dodge, will meet this year at the Astoria on 1 Nov., 9 Jan., 6 Feb.

Wednesday Fortnightly.—The Wednesday fortnightly dances will meet this season at Delmonico's on 29 Nov., 21 Dec., 4 and 18 Jan., 1 Feb. Patronesses are Mrs. William Gerry Slade, Mrs. Henry Bramble Wilson, Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. George Gray Ward, Mrs. Charles S. Jenkins, Mrs. Asa Perkins Potter, Mrs. James A. Dering, Mrs. George W. Jones and Mrs. John Barker Brown.

Frat.—Mrs. Dallas B. Pratt's two dancing classes for the younger set will be held at Sherry's. The evening class begins on 17 Dec., the afternoon class on 25 Nov.

MUSIC

Chickering Hall.—Three invitation musicales will be given at Chickering Hall, by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, Tuesday afternoons, 6 Dec., 7 Feb., 4 Apr. The programme will be rendered by the Madrigal Singers, under the direction of Mr. Frank Taft. The singers are:

Sopranos: Mrs. A. Douglas Brownlie, Miss Marie Donavin, Miss Kathrin Hilke, Mrs. H. E. Krebbiel.

Contraltos: Mrs. Adèle Laeis Baldwin, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Leonard.

Tenors: Mr. J. H. McKinley, Mr. E. C. Towne, Mr. Wilfred T. Van York.

Basses: Dr. Carl E. Dufft, Mr. Charles B. Hawley, Mr. Fred C. Hilliard, Dr. Carl Martin.

Grey.—Miss Annie Grey, Scottish vocalist, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Ogelvie Grey, pianiste and accompanist, will give three Song Lecture-Recitals on Mon., 10 Oct., at 2:30; Wed. eve., 12 Oct., at 8; Fri. eve., 14 Oct., at 8; at Chickering Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

Camera Club.—An exhibition of prints by Mr. W. M. Hollinger. Portraits of noted New Yorkers, Studies of Children, etc., will be exhibited at the Camera Club, 3 W. 29th St., from Wed., 12 Oct., to Tue., 25 Oct.

GOLF

Ardley.—The Women's Championship Tournament is being played this week on the links of the Ardley Club at Ardley-on-the-Hudson.

The entries include: Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, L. I., Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Miss Helen Barney, Newport Golf Club, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Maud K. Wetmore.

Tuxedo Golf Club, Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, Mrs. J. J. Vatable, Mrs. Frank Keech, Onwentsia Golf Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. C. Chatfield Taylor.

Morris County Golf Club, Morristown, N. J., Mrs. William Shippen, Miss Helen Shelton, Miss Alice Day, Miss Cornelia G. Willis.

Philadelphia Country Club, Miss Edith B. Burt.

Philadelphia Cricket Club, Mrs. Walter B. Gorham, Miss Margaret C. Maule, Miss Helen H. Maule, Miss Corinne Moch, Mrs. Herman Lewis, Miss Aline S. Taylor, Mrs. Charles S. Farnum, Miss Katherine K. Cassatt, Miss Elsie Cassatt.

Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Miss Frances C. Griscom.

Huntington Valley Country Club, Rydal, Pa., Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, Mrs. S. Curtis Patterson, Miss Sophia Starr.

Queens County Golf Club, Glen Cove, L. I., Miss Louise D. Maxwell, Miss Grace L. Maxwell, Miss Ruth Underhill.

Seabright Golf Club, Miss Alice Strong.

Dyker Meadow Golf Club, Brooklyn, Miss Grace Coanancy.

Marine and Field Club, Mrs. N. M. Garner.

Baltimore Golf Club, Miss Fanny King McLane, Mrs. J. E. Greiner.

Ardley Club, Mrs. De Witt Cochrane, Mrs. F. L. Eldridge, Miss Caryl Edlitz, Miss Lilian Brooks, Miss Jeannette Kittredge, Miss Anna Archbold, Mrs. M. U. Van Buren, Miss Helen Parrish, Mrs. John T. Terry, Jr.

Westbrook Golf Club, Mrs. J. C. Tappin.

Englewood Golf Club, Mrs. Janet T Wells.

Chicago Golf Club, Miss Marion Sheason. Country Club of Brookline, Mass., Mrs. F. E. Zerrahn.

Cincinnati Golf Club, Miss Lucy Hayes Herron.

Concord Golf Club, Miss Grace B. Keyes. Pittsburgh Golf Club, Mrs. Edward A. Manice.

Ocean County Hunt Club, Lakewood, N. J., Miss Agnes Helen Davis.

Baltusrol Golf Club, Short Hills, N. J., Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan, Mrs. Henry B. Ashmore, Town and Country Club, St. Paul, Miss Mabel de L. Merriam.

Essex County Club, Manchester, Mass., Miss Harriot S. Curtis, Miss Madeline Boardman.

Pittsburg Golf Club, Miss B. C. Howe. St. Andrew's Golf Club, Miss Reid.

Albany Golf Club, Miss Martha Murphy. Country Club of Scranton, Pa., Miss Eleanor A. Anderson.

Baltusrol.—A women's open tournament will be held on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club at Short Hills, N. J., on 18 and 19 Oct.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

Majestic.—Arriving Thu., 6 Oct., Mrs. W. D. Barclay, Miss Sylvia Barclay, Miss Beatrice Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beekman, Mr. Van Bergen, Miss Van Bergen, Miss M. Berger, Miss J. E. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. G. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Duer, Miss Helen Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Holmes, Mr. W. H. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Peery, Mrs. Alfred Roosevelt, Mrs. J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young and child.

Campania.—Arriving Fri., 7 Oct., Mr. John M. Bowers, Mr. J. L. Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Camac, Mr. and Mrs. G. Campanari, the Misses Campanari, Mr. J. C. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Caton, Mr. C. D. Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Miss M. M. H. Dodge, Mr. Marshall Field, Mr. M. P. Grace, the Misses Grace, Mr. and Mrs. William Harper, Gen. and Mrs. Thomas L. James, Gen. and Mrs. John W. Kearney, the Misses Kearney, Mr. Eugene Kelly, Mr. Charles L. Knoedler, Lord Muncaster, Messrs. J. Clark Neill, R. W. Orme, L. Van S. Peck, W. A. Prime, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Redmond, Col. Francis E. Rigby, Mr. Percy Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Sutro, Miss Sutro, Gen. and Mrs. Egbert L. Vile, Mrs. Andrew J. White and Mrs. J. M. White.

Miss Viola Allen as Glory Quayle appeared before the New York public on Monday at the Knickerbocker, for the first time as a star. She scored a success as the heroine of *The Christian*, a play which while called by the name of Hall Caine's widely known novel, bears little or no resemblance to it. As a catch phrase the title answers the purpose of audience-drawing very well, but those who visit the play under the impression that they will witness a dramatization of the book will be disappointed, as the play and the book have little in common.

Joseph Jefferson and his company began on Monday evening an engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where they will appear in a round of old comedies; the first in the series *The Rivals*, has started off exceedingly well.

Cyrano de Bergerac and Richard Mansfield have supplied topics for animated disagreement, the most diverse opinions being held in regard to the two. The critic who, while crediting Mr. Mansfield with intelligence and his rioric ability of high rank, yet realized how great a handicap are his inflexibility of voice and his lack of facial mobility, pointed out the cause of the greatest defects seen in his portrayal of the hero of Rostand's play. As many times before Mr. Mansfield deserves

much praise for presenting a work so far above the level of dramatic representation. A crowded and appreciative house greeted Mr. Mansfield on his first appearance for the season at the Garden Theatre.

Hotel Topsy Turvy, at the Herald Square, whatever its shortcomings, has at least brought fame to one of the cast, Edwin Foy, who, in the rôle of a clown, has made the hit of the production.

The Tree of Knowledge is serving to introduce Mr. James K. Hockett as an independent theatrical luminary at the Columbia Theatre in Brooklyn. Unlike most new stars, Mr. Hackett did not make his debut in a new play, but he has taken one which has made a hit both here and in London.

The Adventure of Lady Ursula will last Mr. Edward Sothen and his company throughout his present Lyceum engagement, which will not close until next month. He is to be followed at this house by the regular stock company.

In the announcements of *Sporting Life* at the Academy of Music it is noticeable that the horses are set down before the people as attractions—twenty horses, two hundred people. Certainly the animals infuse much vivacity into the melodrama, which is drawing as crowded houses as the most popular of its predecessors.

There is promise that May Irwin will follow the *Marquis of Michigan* at the Bijou, her play to be having *Kate Kip* as its title.

The Fortune Teller, at Wallack's, promises to be also a fortune maker for composers and the principal performer.

The Little Corporal, at the Broadway, is likewise bringing pence and fame to Francis Wilson.

The Liars, at the Empire, is affording Mr. John Drew and the public much pleasure, though for different reasons.

On and Off is announced at the Madison Square for Monday next, succeeding *A Brace of Partridges*, which is being given its last representations there.

Annie Russell comes to the Garrick on the 24th inst., the play being *Catherine*.

Aida was given for the first time in English by the Castle Square Opera Company on Monday.

The Royal Italian Opera Company is at the Casino for a short engagement.

Way Down East is at the Harlem Opera House for the week.

The Sign of the Cross is at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

On the vaudeville stage, among the most interesting performers is Camilla Uiso, the violinist, who is at Proctor's.

AT THE THEATRE

Academy of Music—8.15, *Sporting Life*.
American—8.15, *Aida*.
Bijou—8.20, *The Marquis of Michigan*.
Broadway—8.15, *The Little Corporal*.
Casino—8.15, *Italian Opera Company*.
Daly's—8.15, *A Runaway Girl*.
Empire—8.15, *The Liars*.
Fourteenth Street—8.15, *Sign of Cross*.
Fifth Avenue Theatre—8.15, *Joseph Jefferson*.
Garden Theatre—7.45, *Cyrano de Bergerac*.
Garrick—8.15, *A Day and a Night*.
Herald Square Theatre—8.15, *Topsy-Turvy*.
Knickerbocker—8.15, *The Christian*.
Lyceum—8.15, *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*.
Madison Square—8.30, *A Brace of Partridges*.
Harlem Opera House—*Way Down East*.
Keith's—Continuous performance.
Proctor's—Variety.
Pastor's—Continuous performance.
Weber & Field's—Burlesque.
Koster & Bial's—Variety.
Pleasure Palace—Continuous performance.
Harlem Music Hall—Vaudeville.
Eden Music—Cinematograph, waxworks, etc.

F. H. DAY

MR. Day's photographs have attracted a great deal of attention. They are the result of years of work—work of the hardest kind—that which draws

upon the imagination and appeals to the creative instinct. Mr. Day is in reality primarily a poet—next a photographer. The camera is his medium, its management his technique. Through all his points there seems to come a gentle spirit of communion with high thought and pretty fancy. His pictures presents the ordinary model transformed to an ideal. To see his work will forever dispel the popular supposition that photography is uncompromising truth and will teach one that what the light and the lens are to give depend quite as much on the man at the camera as in naval conquest one must look to the man behind the gun.

We have printed in this number several of Mr. Day's pictures. Some have never been seen before and they are all worth study. Last spring his collected prints were exhibited at the Camera Club and they have been shown at Boston.

SHERRY'S

ON Saturday, 8 September, an informal reception was given in the new building. This is the latest of the new restaurants bidding for favor by the luxuriousness of their appointments, as well as perfection of cuisine.

As might be expected, distinct progress is evident in the line of good taste. The decorations are not so flaunting, and are generally more finished in effect than one has been accustomed to in New York public interiors.

The exterior of the building, as known to all passers by on Fifth Avenue, is perhaps one of the most dignified structures in New York—a building that in mass and proportion acquires impressiveness as it becomes more and more familiar. It is without tawdriness, or the prevailing fault of purposeless and ineffectual decorative utilities. It is not covered with scraps of meaningless ornament, and the façade is not an olla podrida of long and short windows, round and square windows, smooth and decorated panels. It is what a city exterior should be—direct, simple and strong.

The rooms themselves have a number of definitely original features, though the ballroom is in the lighting of its cove not unlike that of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house. The color is mainly a light yellow and gilt, and the ceiling decoration confined to the lightest tints. The decoration, however, of this building should be described most accurately, accompanied with illustrations, in order to give any satisfactory idea, its excellence consisting both in its general effects and the refinement of its incidental details, such as the design of the iron and marble work, the electroliers, moldings, etc.

What New York is most interested in is the general atmosphere of the place. It is quite different from anything else to-day. It is in a word much more refined.

From the ball room a conservatory opens, and strange as it may seem, no public restaurant in New York has as yet had a conservatory attached. There are many rooms filled with potted plants, but there is no actual conservatory where the odor is that of a conservatory. So as to have a complete establishment, however, another room is provided with a marble floor, and a general effect of white marble filled with potted plants.

In the same manner of compliance with various demands, there is besides the ball room having a very high ceiling, one with a low ceiling, many persons preferring rooms of moderate height, having the same fancy about them that appeals to them in the low ceilings of colonial houses.

Mr. Sherry has been very deliberate and very quiet about his undertaking, and it is quite evident that he will meet with favor. He certainly has succeeded in making something different from the other large establishments—such as the Babylonian splendor of the Savoy, the delicate but weak refinements of Delmonico's, and aggressive Americanism of the Manhattan, and the varied abundance of the Waldorf-Astoria. Sherry's might in a phrase be described as being one of those products that is both strong and delicate, upon the theory that it is comparatively easy to do a delicate and weak thing, but most unusual to do a delicate and strong thing.



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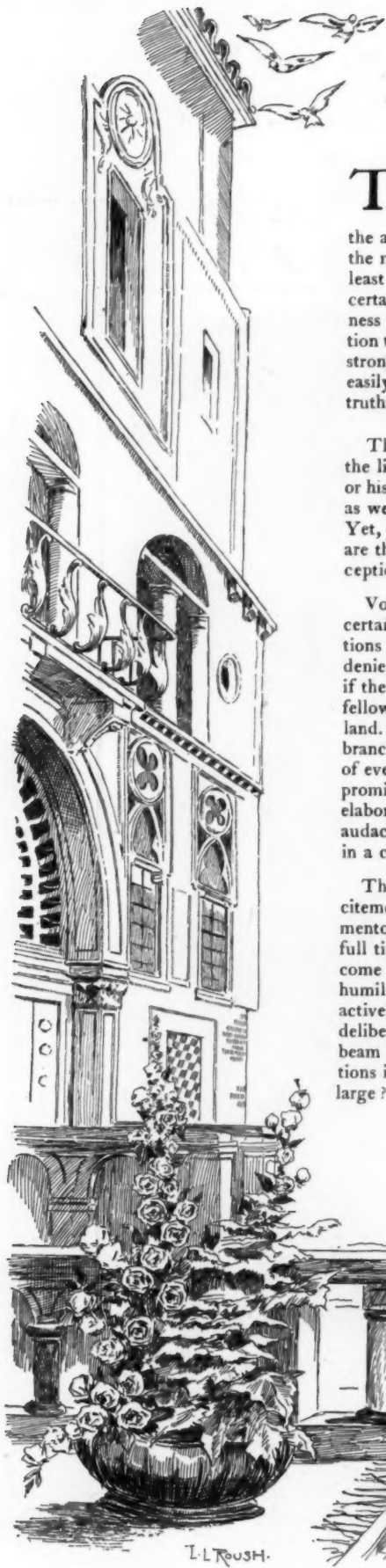
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w York.



The Liars is the attention-challenging title of a recently imported play, and there are those who in view of many recent happenings are sadly coming to the opinion that the abnoxious word would fitly define prominent Americans of the moment. It has been the boast of the Anglo-Saxon that at least as compared with the Latin he is truthful of speech, and certainly he pays truth the compliment of resenting with fierceness the blunt accusation or even the more or less veiled imputation that he is a liar. But circumstances apparently are proving stronger than pose, and deliberate misrepresentation comes as easily to the American as it does to the most admittedly untruthful of peoples.

The purpose of lying is of course an attempt on the part of the liar to advantage himself by deceiving others as to his acts or his purposes. Consequently nothing could be more absurd as well as dishonorable than manifestly ineffective falsehood. Yet, strange to say of alert, generally intelligent men, such as are these Americans, useless lying is the type of deliberate deception that they are attempting.

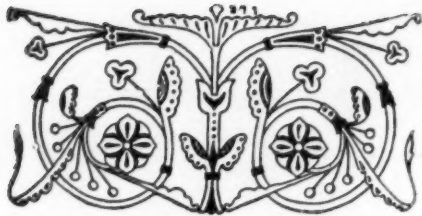
Voices of victims and pens of journalists have made known a certain class of tragic facts, but those responsible for the conditions which caused the long list of calamities have persistently denied the facts with as much assurance as they might assume if their misconduct concerned cattle in Jupiter instead of their fellow countrymen in easily accessible localities in their own land. The most easily computed statistics are disputed, each branch of public service challenges the accuracy of the claims of every other branch; distinguished military men and civilians, prominent in every walk of life, suppress facts, or by undue elaboration or pruning of them convey false impressions. The audacity of this wholesale lying is as amazing as its utter folly in a country of untrammelled press and freedom of speech.

The last few months have been a time of intense national excitement. In the bustle of quickly succeeding events, many momentous matters have escaped general notice, and it is certainly full time now to stop long enough to ask what the final outcome of this widespread lying is to be. Think of the terrible humiliation of it. From the chiefs down there are few men actively engaged in war matters who have not lied, and lied deliberately and atrociously. Is there not need of some stern beam removal before as a nation we undertake active operations in our self-appointed rôle of mote ridding for the world at large?





HANNAH



HAPHAZARD JOTTINGS

NOT ASHAMED OF HER NOW BIG FEET—INORDINATE LOVE OF WEALTH AND COMMERCIAL VIEWS OF EDUCATION ARE DANGEROUS SPOTS ON THE SUN OF OUR PROSPERITY—HOW SHALL THE ADULT BE FRAMED IN MANNERLINESS—WHERE THE AVERAGE JACKET FAILS TO FIT

The most indifferent observer cannot be oblivious to the increasing size of the foot of woman. The gallant sentiment which represents her as treading on flowers that bend not 'neath her step, will have to be very radically modified, for the boot-makers' lasts indicate ever more as season succeeds season a lengthening and broadening of the feminine foot. The woman of five feet two to five feet eight inches whose shoe size is between two-and-one-half and four will find her foot commented on for its smallness. Girls in their early teens never hesitate at fives and sixes and the adult woman in ever increasing numbers is needing eights and nines. Those of the big feet appear not to lament their pedal development, in fact, as a conventional elderly clerk accustomed to other generation standards of elegance in feet size said pathetically, "They do not even seem ashamed of big feet."

Athletics is responsible, in great measure, for the enlargement, but it is also, in part, the result of a change of ideal on the part of women themselves. Where heretofore they have striven, despite natural largeness, to attain small feet, there has been much painful squeezing of over-long toes and over-broad soles; now, however, that large feet are fashionable, much enduring toes and heels and soles have been permitted ease of environment.

Already there are prophets who are sounding the alarm of national decay. The growth and death of civilization has ever been an interesting problem to thinkers, and those who have studied the history of other peoples and other ages cannot hope that our civilization is predestined to permanent survival any more than those that have preceded it. The cause of national dissolution is traced by a writer in the current Popular Science to arrested development of the ethical side of peoples. Their progress in intellectual and material attainment however brilliant will not suffice to withstand the canker of decay when character retrogrades. Applying this theory to this country at the present time the writer finds that two vices especially threaten the national life. The idolatry of money, which is developing a widespread indifference to honesty in methods of acquiring wealth and the prostitution of education to commercial ideals. "Even in our higher institutions of learning calculations in

relation to business largely predominate. . . . Our vast intellectual advantages have culminated in the advent and reign of the Yellow Journal to spread whose malodorous froth over the surface of the land whole forests are tumbled annually into the pulp mill."

The old copy-book maxim that manners make the man is more honored in the breach than the observance, in spite of much exploitation of etiquette in books and periodicals. In view of this mannerlessness of most people it has been suggested that rules of behavior applying



TAHATI

This country, therefore, now that it is increasing in prosperity, is confronted, as other nations have been, by temptations which grow out of that very prosperity. Shall we succumb as they have, or will a moral reformation impel us to ethical development and the nation be saved?

to the little every-day matters of intercourse should be authoritatively tabulated—a class of instruction holding a place between the manual of etiquette and the teachings of a wider morality. The existing books of etiquette deal largely with formal intercourse, but there is no guide for making one's self fundamentally

agreeable. Being virtuous will not accomplish it; being thoughtful of others may.

In well-regulated families the child is daily instructed, by precept and example, in the niceties of behavior, but growing youth and adult life are left largely without admonishings as to demeanor. The results in adult life of this lack of childhood training in manners

such truths can crop out in the course of a quarrel. Women's clubs which have such a penchant for instruction might with advantage take up the subject and lecturers of assured position might do much missionary work by devoting at least part of the winter's work to the detailed consideration of ugly tricks in manner and every-day violations of those minor morals of behavior that distinguish the social barbarian from civilized peoples.

especially measured-for ones, should see to it that good material and smart cut are not spoiled by such careless tailoring.

AN ORIGINAL HONEYMOON

BY A. LIONEL

THe wedding was over, and everything had gone as merrily as the proverbial bell and in equally orthodox fashion.



YOUNG DAPHNE

are serious, especially for those who have their own way to make in the world.

It has been urged by a bright writer that night schools be established for adults where platitudes regarding human intercourse could be taught, the lessons in this way being shorn of the irritation attending special criticisms individually applied. There is need of some authoritative criticism impartially rendered if adult manners are to be improved, for outside of relatives no one dares tell a man or woman that he or she has bad or unpleasing ways unless

As the coat model continues to be popular and as tailor-made girls are to be as fashionable this season as any that have preceded it, the matter of well-fitting upper garments is one of supreme importance and however limited her means one that a woman should insist upon securing. A critical examination of many scores of jackets on their wearers shows that two very general defects are too much width across the shoulders, which results in slovenly wrinkles, and too long under-arm seams which disfigure the jacket back with transverse wrinkles starting from the arm holes. These are both easily remedied faults and women, whether purchasing ready-made garments or

The bare suggestion of an innovation in the proceedings would have caused much distress to Mrs. Wilton, the bride's mother. As she had been married so should her daughter be married—identically the same number of bridesmaids, guests, carriages, wedding favors and old shoes. She was somewhat alarmed at her future son-in-law's silence respecting the honeymoon, but Harry stoutly refused to disclose his intentions, declaring he wished to surprise Ethel with a delightful plan of travel. Ethel Wilton's marriage with Harry Dawson was not generally considered a brilliant match, but many held that young Dawson had a great future before him, Ethel's father sharing that belief.

* * *

"Ethel," whispered Aunt Sarah, mysteriously, "Harry wants to see you for a moment alone. He has slipped into your father's study."

"At last," cried Ethel, in joyous excitement, "I shall know for what corner of the earth we are bound. I have seen so little of the world."

She turned to throw a final glance in the glass. What a charming reflexion appeared thereon! A bright, happy young face, and a tall, slight figure in a perfectly fitting gray traveling dress—a contrast to the spinster, Aunt Sarah. There youth long past, beauty faded, hope dead and love buried in a grave. The aunt quickly brushed away two tears which were slowly rolling down her withered cheeks.

"What a forgetful woman I am," she cried. "Here's a letter for you. Belated good wishes, I daresay."

"It's from Cousin Charles from Paris; but I won't stop to read it now, or Harry will become impatient."

"Now Harry," said Ethel, gaily, "tell me quickly, please, where are we going? Eve's curiosity was as nothing compared to mine."

"Ethel, I don't know," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Don't know! Oh, Harry! What will mamma say!"

"Ethel," said Harry, seriously, "I have a plan to propose, but I do not know that you will accede to it. If not, there is still time to start for—well, wherever you please. Look, Ethel," he continued, gently drawing her to the window, "does the weather look tempting for travel?"

The prospect certainly was not cheerful. It was a cold day in April, and since the morning a steady downpour of rain had set in.

"My darling," he whispered, "why not spend our honeymoon quietly at home in our own little house? Everything is in readiness."

"Remain in London?" exclaimed Ethel with wide-open eyes. "Oh, Harry, what would mamma say?"

"Oh, bother—I mean, never mind mamma," he corrected himself. "Ethel, why should we defer the joy of possessing our own house—a nest which belongs to you and me alone, where we shall be all in all to each other. Surely the happiness of our married life based upon such a foundation would be more securely built than if we began it by careering madly over the world."

Ethel drew Harry's head down to a level with her own and kissed him. "That's my answer, Harry."

"My darling little wife!"

"Oh, dear," she said regretfully, "then there will be no adventures after all, and I did look forward to some. I've never had one in my life. But," throwing him a sweet smile, "you must have your own way, of course men always do. Harry, you must promise to keep our project secret—not a word to mamma."

"Nor to any one else?"

"No, Harry, none if you don't mind."

"Well, I should rather tell the truth, but if you do not wish it we will be silent. It may satisfy your longing for adventure if I elope with you secretly to our home and hold you imprisoned there behind drawn blinds and closed shutters. But we shall have to play a sharp little game of hide and seek if we wish to remain undiscovered."

"Oh, it will be delightful!" exclaimed Ethel, clapping her hands. "Quite an adventure!"

"Here they are, the turtle doves!" It was Mr. Wilton's voice. "It's awful weather—not fit to turn out a dog."

"Perhaps we had better stay," Harry dared to hazard.

"My dear Harry, what are you thinking of?" demanded Mrs. Wilton. "No new fangled fashions for us."

Half an hour later a start had to be made. The luggage was on the carriage and the time for parting came. Ethel, who had regarded it very lightly, felt an unexpected wrench at her heart and lay sobbing in her father's arms. Then the door closed. Mrs. Wilton wept as the young people drove off.

* * *

"Ethel," cried Harry, entering the room and laughing heartily, "I just had a narrow escape. You know I went out to post a letter to my sister Dolly. After dropping it in the letter box I turned rather suddenly and came into violent contact with the portly form of an old gentleman. Imagine my feelings when I recognized your father. Luckily the night is dark and my assault knocked his hat over his eyes. I fled precipitately but the wind wafted after me two impolite but expressive expletives."

"Oh, what fun!" laughed Ethel.

"For us—you heartless daughter."

"Do you not think, Harry, we ought to write home? I fear our silence has caused them some uneasiness already."

"I agree with you. We must disclose this picture of domestic felicity to papa and mamma."

"Not yet, Harry," pleaded Ethel. "We have only been married a week. Let us have just one short little week more all to ourselves."

"How could we write home? The post-mark would betray us."

Ethel bent her pretty head on her hand. She thought deeply.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "Cousin Charlie is in Paris and to be trusted. I shall write to him and enclose a letter to mamma, which he will post."

"By Jove, Ethel, you are an inventive genius! I fear, however, Ethel, we shall not remain undiscovered much longer. That old gossip, your mother's friend, Mrs. Spy, next door, will find us out."

The newly married couple, whom we have discreetly left to their own society for a week, had cleverly managed to keep their abode secret, but to enable them to do so they had to content themselves with the services of old Pluckett, a factotum of Harry's in his bachelor days. Pluckett was as silent as a tombstone.

* * *

"My Darling Mamma:

"Not a moon of honey, but a great blazing sun of happiness shines on us and sheds its rays to the innermost recesses of our hearts. That sounds dreadfully sentimental, does it not? But it is true. The world is beautiful, and we are—oh, so happy! A hug for papa, a kiss for auntie, and two very big ones for yourself from your loving daughter

"Ethel."

Thus wrote the bride. Pluckett was out, so Harry went to post the letter, and Ethel

was left alone. She started violently when a few moments later a loud ring resounded through the quiet house. She slipped the chain across the door and opened it.

"Who is there?" she said falteringly.

"I am," answered a fresh young voice. "This is Mr. Dawson's, is it not?"

"Who are you?"

"Open the door and you will see, and do be quick about it, for it is pouring with rain," was the impatient reply.

Ethel obeyed and beheld nothing more formidable than a young girl muffled in a long ulster and hood.

"Is Mr. Dawson at home? I must see him at once."

"I don't think you can," replied Ethel, "Who are you?"

"Dolly Dawson."

"Dolly? Harry's sister! Oh, do come in!"

"Why Dolly, how did you get here?" cried Harry, when he entered.

"I bolted from school. You gave me this address in your last letter. Harry, I could not stand that horrid French school any longer. Why, I am seventeen, and you seem to ignore it. You won't send me back, will you, Harry dear?"

Dolly was a charming little brunette, and Ethel soon forgave her for disturbing their honeymoon in so unceremonious a fashion, and the delighted Dolly was initiated into the mysteries of the household. Presently they were seated round a cheerful supper table laughing gaily, when the bell again resounded.

"Another visitor!" cried Harry, as they all bounded from their seats. This time it was a young man.

"I beg your pardon, but did a young lady arrive here from Paris this evening? She left this bag in the railway carriage. In our conversation she mentioned this address as her destination."

"Why, it's Charlie Wilton, surely!"

"Hello, Harry! How the dickens did you get here?"

"Cousin Charlie!"

"My traveling companion! My bag!" exclaimed two female voices, and two light figures darted down the dark hall and caught the astonished Charlie by the hand and dragged him into the room. In her excitement Dolly treated him like an old friend, and he seemed to like it.

Then he had to be taken into the general confidence. He promised discretion, and he arranged to have the letter, now on its way to Paris, properly attended to.

A few days passed delightfully. Charlie spent much of his time at the new house, Dolly being the magnet which drew him there.

One day the party determined to dine at Richmond—a final extravagance before Mr. and Mrs. Dawson settled down as a staid married couple. At dusk, old Pluckett was sent to reconnoitre Mrs. Spy's windows. The coast was clear, and Harry, Ethel and Dolly quickly slipped out of the house. At the station Charlie met them. The train was very crowded, and after one or two vain attempts to find room, Dolly suddenly pushed forward, opened a door and crying, "Plenty of room here," jumped in followed by Charlie.

At that instant Harry came up, exclaimed:

"The d——!" and darted off.

"Where? where?" cried Dolly much startled.

With one leap Charlie was out of the car-

riage. Dolly heard a door bang and the train was in motion. She attempted to follow Charlie, but an old gentleman who had been absorbed in his paper prevented her. He found her a very nice little girl and chatted pleasantly with her all the way to Richmond.

A light broke upon Dolly's bewildered brain. "Was that old gentleman Mr. Wilton?" "Yes." At ten o'clock they all returned home and wound up the evening with further merriment. Many a peal of laughter was heard to come

"Lor, Mary!" cried Mrs. Spy, with a little shriek. "What do you mean?"

"You know, ma'am, next door as is took by Mr. Dawson is supposed to be empty?"

"Yes, yes!" urged Mrs. Spy in a flutter of excitement.

"Well it is not, that is all, ma'am, but ghosts is a hauntin it—I heard 'em laugh and go up and down stairs just as natural as could be. I caught the old man as goes into the house in the morning and sees that all's right, and told him, but he just grunted and wouldn't hear nothing."

Mrs. Spy caught Mary by the arm and cried:

"Mary, it isn't ghosts, it's—it's coiners—counterfeiters—something dreadful!"

"Oh my, ma'am, how awful! What be they?"

That night Mrs. Spy herself heard the ominous sounds from the mysterious house, and mentally determined that she would do her duty. To-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Wilton should be informed of the fact that some nefarious occupation was being carried on in their son-in-law's house. She felt quite elated in anticipation of the excitement her disclosure would create and she was not one whit disappointed. Mr. Wilton alone rather pooh-poohed the story; still, he promised to go to the police-station and have the matter investigated.

Night came, and about eleven o'clock the inmates of the haunted house and Charlie had assembled in the drawing room to spend the last night of the honeymoon, and they determined it should be a joyous one.

Harry was telling a capital ghost-story, and used the poker to illustrate some raps.

Meanwhile Mr. Wilton and two policemen were trying to break in at the back door. Mrs. Wilton and Aunt Sarah waited in the street, trembling with fear, and Mrs. Spy was at an advantageous post of observation in her garden. The licensed burglars entered the house softly and crept upstairs.

"Female voices!" whispered one of the policemen. "Nowadays them women is mixed up in everything."

Knock, knock, knock. (It was Harry's poker.)

"Good Heavens! What can it be?" cried Mr. Wilton.

"Hush! hush!" Ethel held up her hand for silence. "I hear footsteps on the stairs."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes, yes; listen."

There certainly was a sound of something on the stairs audible to all. Harry flourished the poker, Charlie seized the tongs, Ethel and Dolly clung to each other in terror. The door was flung wide open, and two policemen stood in the doorway. There was a dead pause of surprise.

"Ethel!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

"Papa!" In an instant Ethel was in her father's arms. The silence was broken and the hubbub indescribable. Everybody talked at once. Everybody tried to explain, and nobody listened. At last some quiet was restored, and the larder and cellar were ransacked and an impromptu supper spread.

Before parting Mr. Wilton was imbued with the desire to propose what he considered the toast of the evening: "The Young Couple." Ah! how Ethel laughed, and how Dolly blushed, and how Harry and Charlie each tried to convince the other that on him lay the responsibility of reply.



SOPHANISMA

On arriving it was some minutes before the platform was sufficiently cleared for Dolly to see the others were not there. She became quite alarmed. Suddenly a voice called:

"Miss Dawson," and there was Charlie cautiously peering from a carriage window.

"Is the coast clear?"

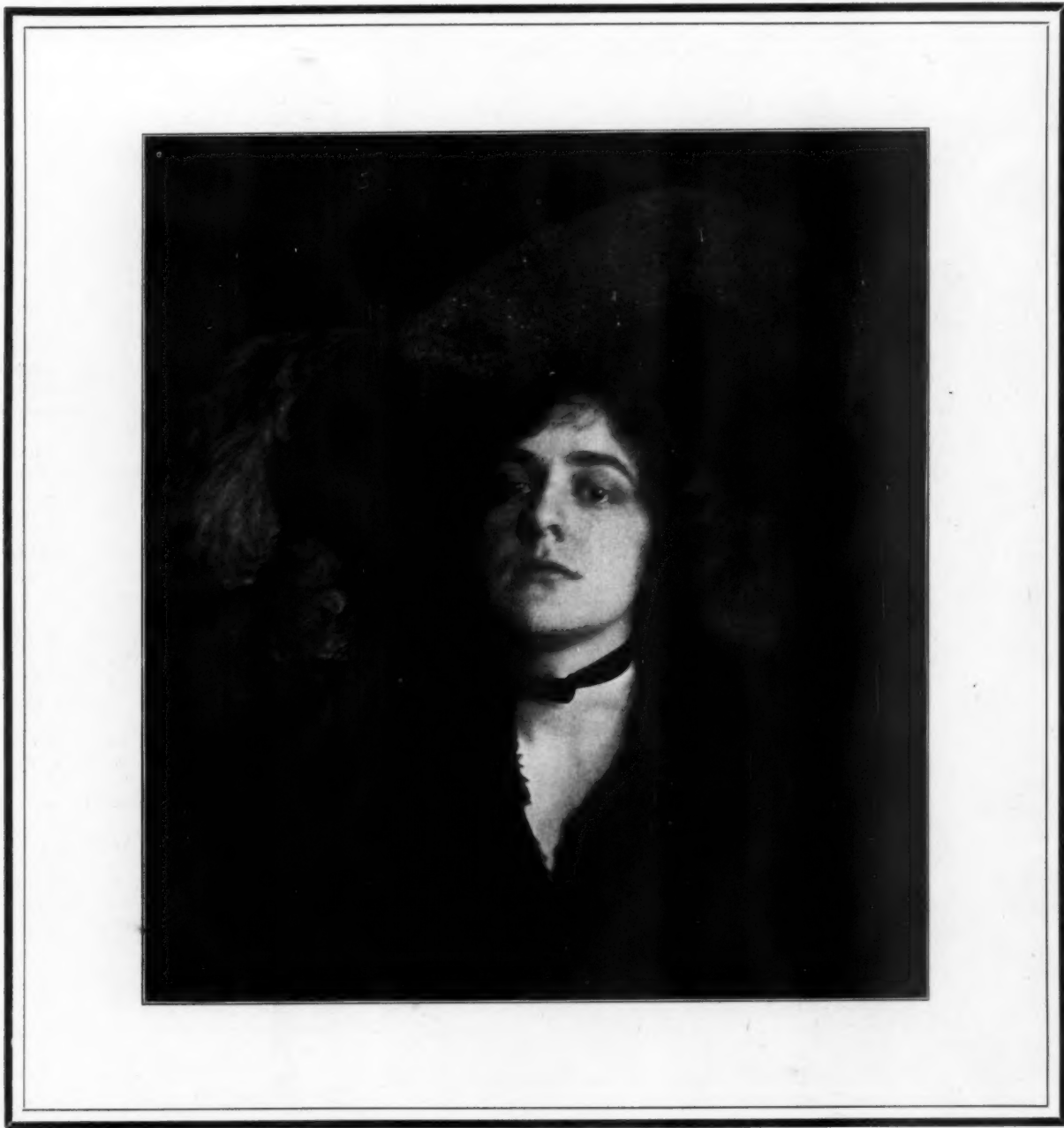
"Of what?"

"Mr. Wilton."

from the darkened house and Mrs. Spy was on the alert. She had only that afternoon returned after a few days' absence. Mary, her servant, lingered about the room. Mrs. Spy understood Mary's way.

"Any news, Mary?" she asked, sipping a cup of tea.

"Do you believe in ghosts, ma'am?" she asked in a solemn whisper.



THE GAINSBORO' HAT

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES
(For text referring to these and others in the



BEAUTY IS TRUTH, TRUTH BEAUTY—THAT IS ALL
YE KNOW ON EARTH AND ALL YE NEED TO KNOW

GRAPHIC PICTURE—BY F. H. DAY
(to these and others in this number see another page)

WHAT SHE WEARS

WHEN WILL THE AMERICAN WOMAN ADOPT
THE POLONAISE AND TUNIC?—MODISTES
IMPORT LARGELY THE ROUND BODICE
AND THE FLOUNCED SKIRT—SIL-
VER CLOTH MODEL—ONE
IN BROWN VELVET

WILL SHE?

Polonaise and tunic! Shall we hearken to these syrens? Certain smart women have already decided that for themselves across the sea, and will shortly bring lovely velvet and cloth proofs of their courage in their dainty luggage. The gown-makers' models are unboxed, each bearing sign and seal of great Paris establishments, and before one's eyes are the loveliest creations in velvet, silk and cloth, each bespeaking the latest novelty in material as well as the fixed order of style for the winter.

Yet there is no air of certainty about these returned purveyors of fashionable elegance as they show you this beauty gown or that, when they happen to be tunics or polonaises. They have learned to dread the growing timidity of the American woman at home, who postpones the wearing of every new style, if it is at all pronounced, until in its second season, when on the wane in Paris. It is to be noticed that among private importations only one or two polonaises or gowns with tunics have been selected, while gowns with round bodices and fitted flounce skirts are duplicated in many materials.

AUTUMN MODELS

There are certain differences in the details of all new gowns of this sort as well as in the novel materials of which they are built, when compared with last spring's model, but in so far as form and general design they are much alike. They have the same measurement of under taffeta petticoat, in that respect are duplicates, while the separate outside skirt still holds to its four yard width. Machine sewing is foremost on tailor-made gowns, especially when the cloths are of pale colors, and is the smartest possible finish, even to the exclusion of all bought trimmings.

A plain skirt is seldom seen except where the material is something odd, then the seams are made effective through bias lines and a border of fur finishes the bottom as in the case of a superb Cyrano red velvet, ribbed cross ways in a lighter shade, the skirt front and back having bias seams wherein the ribs meet at an angle. The sleeves repeat this line of meeting and the bodice, which was tight-fitting and on the bias, was accompanied by an ultra chic pelerine of plain velvet matching the darker shade of the two, and covered the entire front ending in a long round point below the belt, while in the back it formed two round scallops in collar style, about six or seven inches deep, with a high collar band to match, which sloped up to the ears and then fell down under the chin.

This style of collar last year was much worn on dressy house gowns. The front, as well as the two back scallops and touches on the collar band, were inset with a design in white satin, covered in parts with a fancy black silk netting wrought by hand and embroidery in black and dark red silks. The bottom edge

of the pelerine was trimmed with a narrow dark mink border. The long wrists, and up the sides of the long slit on the outer seam, common to all new sleeves, had also a slight hint of this embroidery. A more elegant combination of style, material and trimmings it were impossible to imagine. Nor could a gown when worn express more distinction, nor give better evidence of the patronage which inspired the marvelous Parisian maker.

NEW MATERIALS

Exclusive gown makers in town are impressed with the simplicity and elegance which are to rule this winter. The moment a gown is over-elaborated in the slightest degree that moment it sinks below this ultra-smart standard set up by all-powerful leaders. But all the world does not intend to be dressed on those lines. There are very gay and gaudy silks and velvets. Immense chiné designs appear on soft pliable moirés, very different silks from the moiré of a year or two ago. Garlands, bouquets and small figures mark their different varieties. On black satins and heavy taffetas there are gay flower designs widely scattered apart, a revival of old time silks. As for silks in cross stripes and in longitudinal stripes their name is legion. Prettier ones, however, never tempted one's purse.

There is a new crépon light as a feather which is woven into an exquisite Oriental surface of color in loose satin threads, having all the indistinct outlines of chiné silks. It is a marvel of beauty for parts of bodices, or fancy Louis xv coats—in fact, it will fit into very many uses.

As for velvets they are regal. Their variety is amazing. For youthful contingents the polka-dotted velvets as well as plaided velvets are built up into separate waists, which are, if anything, more expensive than ever before.

A POLONAISE IN GRAY

Among many charming gowns brought from Paris is a polonaise of silver cloth, that smart shade which will never become commonplace, was entrancing. There was a long limp cloth skirt, wonderfully put together in fitted parts and stitched on what dressmakers call its raw edge. This polonaise had the bottom of its skirt finished off by similar folds and stitching which also continued up the fronts to the neck as it opened over a very dressy lace vest. Down these front folds diamond and steel buttons were spaced off in pairs, while a cloth belt attached across the back from the sides was also held to the bodice by the same buttons. A round collar fitted to the half low neck had the same folds and stitching when rolled over, showing above it a chemisette of chiné velvet, through whose mist of silver vapor seemingly did one see soft cloud-like reds, blues, violets, yellows which were never twice alike; a wondrous velvet this, a poem in itself for beauty and suggestion. Its wide collar band wrought with golden threads and steel had a taffeta cravat of pale lavender tacked on and ending in a bow in the jabot of lace which belonged to front vest flouncings.

The sleeves built of velvet clung to the arm and had long wrists, the high slit on seam edged with narrow stitched folds of cloth for finish with a lace over white satin lining.

A TUNIC COSTUME

Reluctantly turning from the charm of this fugitive coloring and silvery whiteness to the

stateliness of its neighbor, a rich nut-brown velvet, hinting at some matron who will lend the grace and dignity of her years and position to all the important functions of the season, imagine the skirt a demi-traine, as all dress skirts are, having on the bottom a flounce softly corded into ribs, an effective treatment. Then falls the tunic of the same velvet below the knee in front, following the skirt line in the back. The bodice is to fit the figure and has a white satin vest of that new weaving which resembles tucking and yet is softer, over which lace is en jabot at the left and strapped across with stitched velvet bands held by diamond buttons, very small ones, on the right. High revers of myrtle blue satin antique and a half high collar, lining to match, with additions of Bruges lace embroidered in bronze paillettes which also creep into the vest in front, lines the inner side of revers and gives a touch to the under side of collar. The sleeves were laid in spaced-off platings, had the slit of long wrists edged with a narrow line of lace paillette. A brown velvet girdle completes the perfection of taste exercised in the building of this quiet refined gown.

GLIMPSES

WHAT—

Fuzzy and furry edges to the broad quills used for hat trimming! Hat feathers are splashed and dotted most fancifully, but grays and black and white are the most attractive contrast. Russian turbans are to be one of the smartest models. They require fur on the brim; felt and velvet or both used for crowns, with no end of chic let in by the milliner.

ARE YOU—

So enthusiastic over the Anglo-Saxon alliance as to wear the English bull-dog walking-boot this winter? It is heavy, mannish, and disfiguring to the foot. Yet it has admirers, for the very unfeminine reason that no difference can be detected between Bob's and Bess's feet standing side by side.

THAT—

Madame, the guinea-hen, leads the mode in feathers; but when scooped out, appears in distress. But our new hat feathers are so wonderfully composite in character, so heterogeneous in manufacture, and so altogether above and beyond bird on sea or land, as to be interpreted by bird lovers and members of bird-societies as perhaps an honest first effort to stick to barn-yard plumage, rather than in future destroy bird life. Let us hope it. Surely they trim up just as well.

NOTE—

What pretty little buttons are used on smart gowns.

NOTE—

What a variety of chemisettes and collar bands the French gowns are showing.

NOTE—

The use of heavy Melton cloth straps corded with satin on ladies' cloth gowns for skirt and bodice trimming, and how very smart it is, and how novel.



THE NEWEST HATS BY SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON
(For descriptions see another page)

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

[Note—Readers of Vogue inquiring names of shops where the articles are purchasable should enclose stamps and addressed envelope for reply.]

IN the autumn the shops are always fascinating, but this season they seem to be more attractive than ever.

A charming cape is made of a special poplin, in soft cachemire tones on black background, reaching just below the shoulders; beneath this an extension flounce of black velvet over which there is a deep flounce of chantilly headed with a ruffle of four-inch black ribbon velvet. There is a high color and ruche above of brochi edged with black feather trimming which extends down around square revers of black velvet; from these revers there are two long ends of velvet trimmed with feather trimming and at the bottom lace; these ends reached to the bottom of the skirt. This cape cost \$275 and to be fully appreciated should be seen.

One's eye is attracted to hat trimmings and the first thought is what we can renovate and make presentable out of last year's wardrobe. For \$6.98 can be bought an exquisite poppy of white tulle edge with silver paillettes and with clusters of jet studded with rhinestones. Leaves of tulle bordered with the paillettes and stems of twisted chenille. Such a flower would, added to a little jet frame, make an entirely new and pretty theatre bonnet with very little expense.

At the same counter I saw shapes all ready to add the trimming. One was particularly attractive, made of paillettes of violet embroidered over with black chenille flowers in conventional design. The centres were large pearls. Add gauze wings and tips to this bonnet and there could be nothing smarter or prettier. The price was \$4.75.

There were also wired bows of taffeta covered with coarse fish net in black and edged and dotted with spangles; these were only \$1.25 and would be very pretty either for the hair or trimming a bonnet or hat.

A quaint little Dutch bonnet in green grosgrain embroidered in steel and pearls and studded with rhinestones cost \$6.98.

Another of those made hats was a Tam O'Shanter of gray velvet embroidered with a sort of silver wire and a tracing of steel studded with rhinestones. This one was \$9.98 and with a little trimming would turn out an extremely handsome affair.



While mentioning hats and new effects I should not forget an ornament in rhinestones

made up like a tiara with flat old-fashioned cut stones which had the appearance of a rare and very good piece of paste. This ornament was \$3.62.

There was also a pair of rhinestone wings with pearls surrounding the tops for \$1.78, which were very pretty and looked far more expensive.

The newest golf hats are made of cheviot. Stitched brims and soft crowns caught at one side with wings. An extremely pretty one was of brown like the sketch; the wings in this particular one are mottled and spread wide at the side. Not only for golf but for a rainy day hat or bicycling would this be very appropriate; the price was only \$3.95.

When one sees so many new and smart things it is hard to stop at just one. Besides the brown there was another hat that claimed attention. It was black serge with a brim of black and white woven silk braid—the brim rolled very high at one side. A band of the same braid was wrapped about the hat and twisted over the wings of mottled brown that were just off the front. These hats could be made of any color serge and I fancy for about the same price. This black one was \$5.50.



Each year one thinks the birds of different countries and all manner of plumage surely must have been exhausted at last, but just so



surely as the seasons roll around the "something new" comes with them. One can get for \$1.75 a very effective and smart coque feather. In purple, mottled with black, there were lovely quills for \$2.25.

Guinea feathers are much worn, and curled quills combined with white are very smart and look well on any hat. These were only 65 cents each.

Golden-brown curled quills, with white dots, \$1.68 a pair. The same in hunter's green, with dots, were 85 cents each.

Fancy quills with the spear-like points were effective, if not particularly graceful, and could be had for \$1.48 a pair.

A blue bonnet that would look well with a white coat or blue cost only \$5.45. It was made of pale blue silk in a soft normandie-shaped back and shirred frill in front, and lined in front with chiffon, little loops of ribbon and lace.

Now that evening frocks are so much



trimmed with artificial flowers, one takes a double interest in the exquisite creations so like the real flowers that it is often difficult to tell them apart. For \$5 I saw a most gorgeous large, deep pink velvet rose, with leaves and buds, and a beautiful half-blown rose. On a white satin gown no other trimming would be necessary. Such a flower would give cachet to any frock.



Knit golf jackets for little girls of ten up are very smart. They are knit in squares, curved into the figure and buttoned with flat brass buttons.

For little boys from seven years up there were jerseys in all the college colors at \$2.35 and \$2.25.

Little knit sweaters can now be had for children of six months old up to four years. They have sailor collars and are laced down the front. This style costs \$1.90, and the ones buttoned over the shoulder, \$1.75.

For the youth who goes to boarding-school and hopes to come home every week or two nothing could be nicer for a parting present than a miniature dress-suit case, such as I found for \$4.75. It was large enough to hold a good deal, and yet not too heavy or clumsy for a small boy to carry.

For young girls of twelve and fourteen years of age there are pretty crimson golf coats that can be worn on any occasion and are not expensive. Some have deep green broadcloth collars and cuffs, at \$16; dark blue at \$17, and an all-crimson one of rough serge, double-breasted and very smart, \$18.

A pretty school hat for a little girl of ten would be a red felt, trimmed with black satin rosettes and crimson curled cock's plumes, such as I saw in one of the shops for 48 cents a bunch.

For little wee folks there are charming coats in dainty hues for \$55. There was a pale blue coarse gros-grain with a deep cape of lace and trimmed all around with ermine.

inch intervals. A full back, shirred in and bloused, is made attractive with pink satin rosettes. The front hangs free from the shoulders. A new and pretty pattern of torchon is the lace used on this tempting bit, which could be bought for \$15.



The price of a dark blue silk shirt waist is \$8.98 (I was told it could be made in other colors), with a tucked yoke, rather shallow, and defined by a band with tucks running the other way. Bloused front with little groups of tucks. High tucked collar and very stiff cuffs tucked at the top in a point. This shirt I thought a veritable bargain.

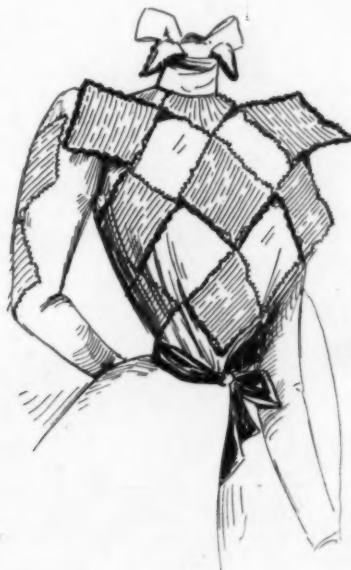


At one of the shops I saw a photograph frame for forty-nine cents in gilt Florentine design. Such things are effective in a room, and one can never have too many picture frames.

No well-dressed woman considers her wardrobe complete without a number of shirt waists in silk and other materials. In silk, for \$12, one can get a really lovely color blue plaid on a white taffeta background.

For \$15 there was a smart new model in corn blue taffeta with little black satin buttons and satin cord outlining the tucks in front. The sleeve was finished with a little extension cuff over the hand, also corded in black.

A fascinating new negligé sacque is made of white albatross over a pale pink silk lining. The albatross being thin, the soft pink tone shows through and makes a bewitching effect. The entire sacque is done in very fine tucks at



The sketch shows an extremely modish bodice in corn color. The front is covered with squares, a tucked and a plain one alternating, and outlined with black lace beading. Down the sleeves the squares extended to the elbow; this could also be had in a lovely shade of turquoise blue and cost \$18.



(From Our Own Correspondent)

APPROPRIATE SPORTING COSTUME — BEIGE
WOOL UNDERWEAR—RIDING HABITS—
MILLINERY LEAFAGE—SUNFLOWERS
WITH VIOLET FRAGRANCE

October is the month par excellence when sport-loving women get their innings.

It is the season when the châteaux and grand country seats of France, as well as of all other European countries, are seen at their best—filled with parties of guests and enlivened by the call of the hunter's horn, by the gallop of horses and the shouting of cheery voices under forest boughs, or on the long undulating plains blooming with pink heather and golden-hued broom. Fur and feathers seems the appropriate motto of this time of the year, and many a feminine brain is occupied with the effect produced upon her friends, guests or admirers by the eminently fetching shooting and hunting costumes which are more and more becoming a necessary adjunct to every woman's wardrobe.

I am not an advocate—neither is any woman of taste—of any startling innovations in this direction. It is best for the cut to be simple and the colors quiet, but the make must be perfect, and all the paraphernalia of belt, whip, gun, boots, hat, spurs, cartridge-holder, hunting-knife, or, to make it shorter, of any of the many etceteras which are needful both for hunting a-horse or for shooting a-foot, must be absolutely faultless. Dead-leaf-colored velvets or velveteens make up into very pretty shooting suits, with plain skirts falling straight to the knee, and a box-plaited Norfolk jacket, fitting with absolute fidelity to the contours of the figure, held in at the waist by a cartridge-belt of tan leather, the gaiters and thick-soled, low-heeled boots being also of tan leather. With this should be worn a Tyrolese hat of tan felt, adorned with the wing of a partridge and with a chamois beard; this looks somewhat like a gentleman's shaving brush, but still it is the very smartest addition to this kind of coiffure. The Norfolk jacket is provided with a high military collar and with narrow cuffs, whereon are embroidered small oak-leaves and acorns in burnished silver. Knickerbockers, even when made of silk, are not practical for wearing underneath the skirt, and should be replaced by a combination of stockings and tights of natural and excessively soft beige wool.

The same costume may be carried out with equal success in myrtle-green or mouse-gray cloth, the belt, boots, gaiters and hat being in this case of maroon tint.

The hunting garb of any equestrienne who aspires to chic and real elegance knows but few variations. The skirt is always short enough to allow of its just clearing the sole of the riding boot. For fox or stag hunting the pink coat with white waistcoat and tall silk hat are still considered correct; but some of our leaders of fashion have of late years decreed that the skirt should be of dark green cloth and worn with it a coat or tightly fitting bodice of bright apple-green with revers of claret-hued velvet; and when out with the harriers our fair Dianas often adopt entire habits of soft, shining, silky-looking cloth of a very delicate shade of flax-blossom gray, the hat in this case being

a gray fedora, provided with a silver-gray veil. For hunting, as well as for shooting, the underwear should be of raw silk, or natural wool made up in the shape of tights, all other forms of undervestments having been long since discarded.

Autumn is not only heralded just now by the varying foliage of the trees, but Madame la Mode adopts for the trimming of autumn hats and bonnets the fruits and gaily painted leaves which this charming season bestows upon nature. Large velvet picture-hats garlanded with Canadian vine in all the rich glory of its crimsons and golds with bunches of bluish berries peeping out here and there, are much seen; so are little bonnets of gold or burnished silver filagree work entwined with those delicate creepers, which still tenaciously cling to the trees of the forest in October and November. I saw, a few days ago, on the head of the lovely Marquise de S—— a large, pale brown felt hat, covered with clusters of mountain-ash berries, which produced the most exquisite effect.

I can also point out to my readers a new fad which is at the moment taking Paris absolutely by storm, namely, that of artificially perfuming flowers—real flowers, I mean—a miracle which it has lately been found possible to accomplish by taking chemically from one blossom the odor granted to it by nature, and actually making it yield a fragrance derived from some other vegetable product.

There are, as everybody knows, some very beautiful blossoms which are lacking in perfume, or else which possess a far from agreeable one. The transfer of the odor of sweet smelling blooms such as violets, roses, jessamine or tuberoses has now been successfully performed to the above named less agreeable flowers. The magnificent African marigold has been robbed of its evil odor and given a perfume that makes it really as fragrant as it is beautiful. Jessamine-scented dahlias, sunflowers and chrysanthemums, which diffuse the fragrance of violets or of heliotrope, are to be found at all leading florists, and even camellias, the ornament of our hothouses and salons, are now as deliciously pleasing to the olfactory nerves as orange or lemon blossoms could be.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 1 October, 1898.



(From Our Own Correspondent)

SOME TRAPPINGS OF THE COURT CHAPEL ON THE OCCASION OF THE EMPRESS'S FUNERAL—THE DISPLAY OF HER CROWNS AND DECORATIONS—SUPERB FLORAL OFFERINGS

IN spite of what anti-monarchists may say to the contrary, the pomp and pageant of imperial and royal courts are well calculated to impress upon the minds of the people the great political and historical events of the day. They afford occasions for the feelings of the masses as well as those of the classes to break forth, and reveal themselves in a manner quite impossible to attain where court display does not exist. This has been brought home to me very vividly during the funeral of our beloved empress, and I cannot imagine how

anyone could fail to be touched by the spontaneous homage offered by high and low, by rich and poor, to the dead sovereign on this day of mourning and sorrow.

The Coup d'Oeil presented by the court chapel of the Hofburg was one not soon to be forgotten. Black crape entirely covered the walls, pillars, and praying-stools; over the marble floor was drawn a thick black velvet carpet flecked with silver, and the monotony of all these sombre draperies was alone relieved by escutcheons of the Hapsburgs and Wittelsbachs and also by the profusion of wreaths garlands and floral crosses which had come from all parts of Europe to enshroud with their exquisite fragrance the simple metal coffin which stood on a cloth-of-gold pedestal between rows upon rows of thick wax tapers in high silver candle-sticks. On each side stood Austrian guards and Hungarian scarlet guards with drawn swords and halberds, so impassive in their magnificent uniforms that they almost gave one a more severe impression of death than did the coffin itself. On velvet cushions at the head of the catafalque reposed the four crowns to which Elizabeth was entitled, namely those of an empress, of a queen, of an archduchess and of a princess, as well as her many orders and decorations, glittering with diamonds and gems of priceless value.

In singular contrast to this radiant splendor was a simple black fan which the empress invariably carried in all her walks and drives and which she laughingly used to call her favorite sceptre, which lay at the foot of the bier, together with a very long pair of untanned white gloves.

During the lying-in-state of the Empress's remains the crowd which continually filled the sacred edifice displayed such heart-felt sorrow, such despair that it was almost more than human nerves could endure to listen to the stifled sobs of the kneeling multitude. So numerous were the testimonials of loyalty and affection which took the form of floral offerings, that several rooms and halls besides the Chapel were taken up by them. Poor women brought small clusters of homely blossoms, men whose thread-bare clothing testified to their poverty did not come empty-handed, but humbly deposited on the raised steps of the dais a few roses, or even a branch or so of field flowers, and those who knew the Empress best realized that it was just these modest gifts which would have pleased her best.

Some of the wreaths sent by potentates and sovereigns were of a magnificence hard to describe; several of them being fifteen and eighteen feet in diameter, and composed of the most costly orchids tied with streamers of pure gold, veiled with crape and enriched by precious stones. One especially was remarkable by reason of its snowy purity, the wreath being of white Spiritu-Sancti orchids fringed with lilies-of-the-valley, and encircling a Maltese cross of white heather, white camellias and white violets loosely tied with long scarfs of silver tissue.

The Empress's intense love for flowers was well known; she simply adored them, and was seldom seen without a knot of fragrant blossoms in her hand or at her breast, hence the enormous quantities sent to grace her funeral.

Elizabeth had exquisite and perfect taste in dress as well as in all other matters. Since the death of her beloved son she wore nothing but black, but even previous to that sorry time her preference was invariably for black, white, mauve, lavender or a mixture of black and

white. Her undergarments were always of the plainest and finest batiste or cambric, with but very little ornament in the way of lace and embroideries; she objected to all underwear that might thicken her slender and beautiful figure, and all her dressing gowns and peignoirs were of white wool, white serge, white cambric or white silk, according to the season of the year or the country which she was inhabiting at the time.

She never looked better than when wrapped in black furs, with a small fur toque on her splendid tresses, for her matchless complexion was best set off by this soft framing.

The remembrance of this peerless woman, kind-hearted and lovely beyond all others, will remain forever green in the hearts of all those who had the happiness of knowing her, and she will always be the most romantic figure of Europe's royalty.

Baroness Wallsee.

Vienna, October, 1898.



FOR DESCRIPTION SEE ANOTHER PAGE



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FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS" SEE ANOTHER PAGE

AS SEEN BY HIM

HIM IMPELLED TO ENTER THE HORSE SHOW—
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA CLOTHES DISPLAY
OF COMBINATIONS ERRATIC—NATURE
AT WAR WITH INHARMONIOUS MAN

I Have half a mind—am I using an expression not grammatical but certainly vulgar?—to exhibit in the Horse Show. This lingering residence in the country has made me feel quite the squire. I am looking over possible horsey outfits and grooms' rigs and all that kind of thing. I have just received a box of boots from England, and the brown leathers with their tops tempt me much to enter the arena. I have also had several quite gorgeous Tattersall waistcoats in speaking plaids and checks. These are most delightfully adapted for the rôle which I would assume, even for a short engagement. The new red ties are so vivid and so consonant with the rest of this gear that I am sure I could get myself, without much effort, to look like a personage from a hunting print.

In referring to ties, I see many men who are wearing the tartans and the plaids, and this patronage has induced all the show windows of haberdashers on Fifth Avenue to bloom forth in the most brilliant displays, in which reds and greens are the prevailing colors. Absolute rainbows are as naught to some of these combinations. If you can wear them, all right; but let all sallow men beware of green, however combined or disguised. It is more fatal than "fat."

From London, just now, flock the Americans, and some of them in weird garments. Sooner or later all appear at the Waldorf-Astoria, which at these times is the show clothes place of the world. I saw there a tall, rather well-proportioned man, in a gray Park suit with long frock coat made after the most approved London method. It was a dream in cut and material, but as yet the Park suit is so absolutely adapted to the English figure that only a very smart American with an air of blasé indifference and the pose of a man of leisure can afford to wear it. However, this American rushed in to run the gauntlet. His tie was bad—a species of nondescript red, and his top hat was a guinea London tile with too much bell for the fashion here. Of course these were minor defects, but he had to ruin the entire symmetry of his otherwise pleasing get up by tan boots. I could not believe my eyes. And in a few minutes he was followed by a stout New Yorker, who had a bright blue shirt with a sky blue four-in-hand, a brown derby hat with a very high crown, a check gray suit—not badly made, but too short in the trousers—tan laced boots and another shade of brown kid gloves. Three distinct shades of brown and two of blue! And the man carried himself as if he were correct in his apparel, and very well satisfied that he was a person of fashion. Both of these men had sticks of such formidable appearance as to suggest that they might be going up a dark country road at night, and that they might expect to meet a highwayman at any turn. And then as the last *bonne bouche*, an English writer of international fame strolled into the café. As soon as a literary man in London makes a success, he invests in a long frock coat with skirts à la 1823, a bell top hat and five gold rings encrusted with sapphires. This latter part of his dress—if one can call it thus—is imperative. The great writer was in *négligé*, and this time he wore a blue serge suit, which was not too bad, it being an unseasonably warm day in autumn. But a straw hat purchased at St. Mary's Axe, wretched brown boots buttoned, with kid tops, a low, intellectual collar and a tie made after the artist of Montmartre ideal, a murderous looking stick and five sapphire rings. And thus I felt that I had been at a carnival. The orchestra just then was playing loudly after a selection from Wagner—some negro melodies manufactured in New York and London, and with as much characteristic music of the African race in them as might be found in a German student song or a nocturne by Greig.

And so for the eternal unfitnes of things. I said to myself: When shall that millennium ever arrive (I cannot call it anything else)

when we shall dress, eat and live according to the circumstances which surround us and make ourselves a part of the general harmony of a bountiful nature trained into artistic perfection by the power of man? And yet man alone is wanting. He remains purposely and carelessly a blotch on the picture and the incongruity of all this was so ghastly that I forgot to order luncheon but called a hansom and was driven to my train for retirement in rusticity.

DRESS AT THE COUNTRY HORSE SHOW

The succession of Horse Shows in various suburbs has been quite productive in varied costumes.

WAISTCOATS

The Tattersall waistcoat in stripes takes the lead for the morning shows. A few rather more brilliant effects were exhibited and some dark reds single-breasted or ribbed goods were effective with brown homespun. The Tattersall waistcoat comes in very striking patterns and is made double-breasted. Some of the more fancy are in dark green and blue checks. For riding, there were several white flannel waistcoats buttoning close to the neck with flap over all pockets. This is to prevent change or articles falling out of the pockets while riding.

RIDING BREECHES

At a recent English Horse Show one man wore a large checked tweed lounge coat with waistcoat, and riding breeches made full in the hips and almost skin tight to the knee of the same material. There seems in England to be an objection to boxcloth continuations. Gaiters cut to button down the middle and to fit tightly on to the boot made of soft undressed leather, the boots brown to match them, were considered the smart thing to wear.

Many riding breeches in the summer have been made of light Khaki, the material used for Rough Riders uniforms. This innovation promises to be much in vogue in the spring for all classes of knickers.

DRESS AT THE CLUB

AFTERNOON WAISTCOATS

The black velvet double breasted waistcoat is one of the novelties of the season. These have been worn by one or two men who are not conservative in their ideas of dress. It is double-breasted, like the usual fancy waistcoat, with dark horn buttons, and fits rather high in the neck. It was worn with a light gray sack suit, and a small, narrow ascot of black silk fastened with a pearl stick pin.

LOUNGE OR MORNING SUITS—SACK SUITS

Several of the very well dressed men are wearing sack suits for the morning of light gray tweed, in a pattern which has a stripe almost invisible running through it. The sack coats are cut away at the waist, rather more abruptly than they have been for several seasons.

SHIRT COLLARS AND TIES

White shirts and standing collars and plaid club ties are seen more frequently in combination with gray suitings than the colored striped shirt and variegated blue and green ascot or four-in-hand. Black four-in-hands in silk or satin are favorite ties; the pin is a pearl. These are worn with a white and not a colored shirt. Black ties and pink shirts are considered rather bad form.

Two shirt buttons on a perfectly plain white linen shirt are worn with evening dress. A few of the French and English evening shirts have three buttons.

Some of the well dressed men arrange their white evening tie in a very small bow.

HABERDASHERY

TIES

Small club ties with square ends of basket silk have been among the new neckwear. The design is plaid and the combinations red and green and green and blue.

The once-over ascots in basket or coarse

grained silk are in very wide stripes of various colors on dark blue or green foundation.

Red is still the dominant color in all ties. Colored shirts have still the wide striped bosoms in pinks and blues. White shirts will be worn much more with morning dress this season.

Ties in ascots and club bows of plain scarlet silk or dark scarlet with narrow white stripes or small figures are in vogue in the country.

Squares of white or geometrical figures of all kinds on dark grounds are other designs in neckwear.

Collars are rounded at the end. This is almost universal in the new turn down collars. Some haberdashers are introducing straight standing collars with rounded points.

Walking gloves of kid or dogskin have one horn button instead of a clasp.

Evening gloves of heavy white kid have one button. Some of these have very narrow black stitching on the back.

Hose for afternoon and morning are black with roman effect—combination of blue, pink and gold—on the instep.

DRESS IN THE FIELD

In Paris the riders of the *haut monde* in the Bois during the afternoon have again discarded riding breeches. The costume is a morning or cutaway coat and a pair of ordinary trousers which are turned up at the bottom. The straps are eschewed and the trousers are made to fit a little snugly so that they will not draw up during riding.

When riding breeches are worn, brown leggings accompany them. The leggings must be buttoned up the front and not the side.

White stocks for riding or driving may be fastened with three small pearl pins attached by a thin gold chain.

MOURNING DRESS

Gentlemen should never wear a band of crepe on the arm of their covert top coats or tweed lounge, when in mourning. This is the fad for grooms and minor servants when not in dress livery when their masters are in mourning.

Dull black four-in-hand is the proper tie for mourning. A pearl pin may be worn but no other jewelry of this kind.

As men in mourning are not supposed to go out in society, the dinner jacket takes the place of the evening coat. Black silk bow tie and pearl or enamel white buttons. Never under any circumstances wear a white evening waistcoat with black buttons or a black bow tie. A double-breasted afternoon waistcoat of white Marseilles can be worn with a frock coat.

AT THE TAILOR'S

A Fifth avenue tailor is exhibiting for a customer a suit of gray-green tweed with a white stripe about twice the width of the ordinary pattern running up and down. The coat is a morning lounge with horn buttons and a sharp rounded cut from the waist. The waistcoat is double breasted and the trousers are rather full from the knee downward. He has also a waistcoat of dark velvet embroidered in sprays of silver flowers.

A light overcoat for driving is of homespun gray in a large check pattern with half collar of olive velvet and cuffs of the same material. Two evening waistcoats are shown in white silk embroidered in flowers and foliage in gray.

QUESTIONS FOR MEN

Covert Coats. To C. D. L.—Will you kindly tell me in your next issue, if possible, how the autumn covert coats are made, regarding patch pockets, etc.?

They are of covert coatings, hard finish. Tan is the favorite shade. They are rather short—about an inch below the under sack coat and covering the inseam of the trousers, with about two inches to spare. There is no outer breast-pocket, but one waist-line pocket on each side, with flaps. These are cut pockets, not patch pockets. The coats are cut quite full in the back and front, and fit nicely but not very snugly on the shoulders. No silk facing on collar, and the seams are

heavily strapped, with cuffs finished with five or six rows of stitching.

Autumn Fashions for Men. To E. A.—(1) What will be fashionable for shoes, of tan, calf and patent leather? Is box-calf correct for street wear? What toe? Brass eyelets for tan shoes?

(2) What are the latest patterns in half-hose for street and dress?

(3) Will Alpine hats be worn this autumn? In what colors? Should a gray hat have a band of gray or black?

(4) What is the color for shirts? Will the stripes run across the front and around the cuff? Round-cornered cuffs? Colored or white collars? If the former, what shape? What will be the patterns for shirts?

(5) What is correct in street gloves? Button or snap? Will dress gloves have white or black backs?

(6) Is it permissible to have your sack and top coats made without the outer breast pocket? This pocket seems superfluous, and does not add to the beauty of a coat. How should waistcoats be cut—with or without collar, single or double-breasted? What patterns will be worn in fancy waistcoats; how cut?

(7) What are the latest walking sticks? (8) Is box-cloth permissible on the shoulders of shooting jackets in place of leather?

(9) Does any shop in this country sell puttees? They are much worn by English sportsmen in place of leggings.

(1) The boots and shoes for men have not altered this autumn and the correct models will be found on page 23, Vogue 14 July. Yes, box-calf is correct for street wear, round toe. Brass eyelets for tan shoes.

(2) Striped for morning wear and dark blue with embroidered dots for afternoon, black lisle thread or silk with embroidered dots, small patterns, etc., in white, red and blue. Silk for evening, embroidered in white or black or plain.

(3) Alpine hats are not worn as much as formerly. Gray is the best color with a black band, if you wear one at all.

(4) Blue and pink with narrow white stripes in groups of three, running across the bosom and around the cuffs. Also white with narrow stripes of red and blue. Yes, round-cornered cuffs. White collars, standing straight, and high banded turn down.

(5) Tan dog skin not too light, with bone buttons. Dress gloves are all white.

(6) Most suits are cut now without the outer breast pocket. The waistcoats that match the suits are usually cut with a collar, the fancy waistcoats without, generally single breasted, although both are worn. Fancy waistcoats are not very much worn except for sports, such as bicycling, golf, etc. Then the colors are bright, red, red and blue, black and white, etc. Usually single-breasted and without a collar.

(7) There is no set fashion, they are not thick or conspicuous.

(8) Yes, box-cloth may be used instead of leather on a shooting jacket.

(9) We do not know who sells puttees, but by writing to Slozenger & Sons, who keep most of the English sporting articles, you may be able to get them.

Salutations when Driving. To J. L. M.—When driving, is it proper for a gentleman to recognize friends with a bow and a salute with the whip, in place of the raising of the hat of a pedestrian?

In bowing to a lady when driving, a gentleman should lift his hat, except when driving a four in hand—then touching the hat with the whip is sufficient.

A FINE AVENUE, INDEED

"Mamma, what's a vard?" asked May. "Why, what do you mean by a 'vard'?" said her mother. "I never heard the word before."

"Yes," persisted the little girl, "Auntie knows and you ought to. She talked about it the other day to a man."

"What did she say, dear? Are you sure she said, 'vard'?"

"Well, I can't 'member jus' what she said, but she said vard, an' I know it must be nice, 'cause she called it a bully vard."



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DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS

Fig. 5404—Street frock of mahogany color smooth cloth. Skirt and bodice corded with fine double cord. Long sweeping princess polonaise falls gracefully over the skirt. The very edge of the polonaise is corded with velvet as are the revers; little girde crushed in very narrow and simply fastened over in the back. Vest of mahogany elaborately braided in blue and black. Two large velvet buttons are sewn at the top of each rever. The very high collar is a combination of the vest and the braid reaches over it uninterrupted. Small sleeves with the cords running around the arm. At the hand there is a tiny cord of velvet. Hat of tided velvet with two black bird wings jauntily fastened at one side.

Fig. 5406—An exquisite at-home gown of embroidered blue cloth. Over the cloth comes a princess polonaise of antique blue velvet. All the lines of the polonaise are defined with two-inch bias velvet ruffles, faced with pale yellow glacé silk. Neck cut slightly square, and long, perfectly tight sleeves. The embroidery is in blue, silver and paillettes of black.

Fig. 5483—Reception gown of yellow net with appliqué design of écu lace and made over yellow taffeta. The overskirt is of the net ornamented and edged with the écu lace, and the under skirt is also of the net and trimmed with ruffles of the same. The body of the waist is trimmed to correspond with the overskirt, and the sleeves and ruching are of the plain net.

Fig. 5484—Theatre gown of beige silk poplin, with sleeveless jacket bodice of black, écu and gold embroidery. The tucked yoke and sleeves are of beige chiffon over light blue silk. Belt of black with blue enameled buckle. Toque of black velvet.

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1. Large picture hat of blue-black velvet. Black and white plumes. Rosette of black satin antique in front, fastened with large buckle in rhinestones.

2. Picture hat of crushed black velvet. Large bows of black satin solit, with buckle in dull gold and brilliants. Two large black plumes on right side. Cape in black velvet and ostrich tips. Lined with ivory-white satin and edged with shirred chiffon.

3. Toque of black shirred chiffon and black curled tips. Collar of heavy stitched black velvet. Two bands of fine white chiffon, edged with fine leaf embroidery in black silk, falling below the waist and finished with white silk fringe.

4. Toque of crimson velvet, mink fur, trimmed with spotted breast feathers.

5. Toque of blue mirror velvet and gray-blue plumes.

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Afternoon gown of blue poplin. Jacket bodice, trimmed with irregular bands of poplin; ribbed blue velvet collar and yoke of gypure over white silk; front of white silk. The skirt has a sheath top with full flounce headed with a band to match the bodice.

CENTER FIGURE, PAGE 239.

Princess street gown of dark blue broadcloth, trimmed on one side of the opening with four rows of black braid, three steel buttons and an inside band of steel-blue cloth, yoke and collar of blue silk matching the gown. Hat of blue crushed velvet, trimmed with black French ostrich tips.

SMART FASHIONS FOR LIMITED INCOMES

WRAP VERSUS COAT AS A STAND-BY

A Conservative, economical woman will not risk paying the price of one of the new cape wraps, knowing that she will be obliged to wear it everywhere during the entire winter. She realizes that a wrap of that character is intended to be one of several rather than the only one garment of its class. Coats and jackets have proved to be always fashionable and always serviceable. But one must keep up with the modish movement of dress, be it what it may; consequently, if we have a very good short jacket,

the thing to do is to study it carefully, and plan the best way to remodel its length. The skirt or basque may be lengthed in many ways. Supposing the cloth cannot be matched exactly, we may fall back on the modish touch of using another shade of the same color. That will be found to result wonderfully well when seen between rows of fur. Then the revers—if not entirely of fur—should be of the new shade of cloth, and the collar and cuffs also. It is not intended that the new shade of cloth should form the outside of the collar—that would be in bad taste, but as a lining it would be in keeping perfectly.

TWO SHADES OF ONE COLOR

Many of the smartest Paris gowns built of cloth show two shades of one color or have a contrasting color introduced between cuttings of the cloth these stitched down afterwards on each side. A snuff-brown ladies' cloth had a charmingly graceful skirt design so devised as to mount up and finish to perfection on the bodice. It is carried out in gourd-yellow cloth, the lines not over a quarter of an inch wide. A burnt orange velvet chemisette with a left strap and rosette descending to the belt, intermingled with écu gypure lace. This lace also formed half collars and a front, completing a delightful scheme of color.

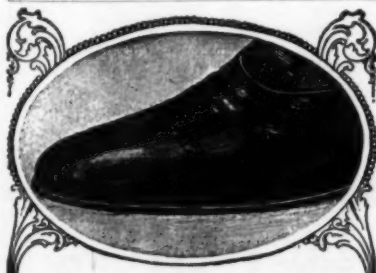
The thing to avoid in altering an outside garment is introducing contrasts which are too sharp. It is in better taste to keep vivid tones subdued. There are numerous ways of doing this, such as by the use of passementeries, black laces, braids and strappings to break the color. In the matter of revers and collars they may be allowed to stand out more positively, if harshness is avoided and no abuse of the privilege is made. For instance, white satin seldom can be worn as facings to such parts without being veiled with lace.

LINING SKIRTS AND DRESS ONES

Regarding skirts, the foundation taffeta petticoat remains separate from the top or outside skirt, as in our summer gowns, having an accordion flounce, and measuring three yards around the bottom. A thick cord is sometimes stitched above this flounce into the

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silk. It holds the skirt out and gives some weight, both advantages in walking. All new skirts are long, too long to shop or to go about the streets on foot without drawing up the other skirt to keep it clean. Unless we do, and a pity it is to be so taxed, we have nothing left us but letting them hang to sweep the streets, as we see daily very careless untidy women doing. The outside skirt is simply faced and stitched down, the stitching hidden by the usual bottom finish which all skirts now have, for they are all trimmed in some way.

Fitted flounces hold their sway supremely. Home dressmakers should be warned against attempting them, especially in cloth, unless they obtain the services of a tailor to cut them out. All the best dressmakers employ a tailor for such work. If one has a cloth gown made after the model of last spring, there will be found very little to do to it, unless to make it fit the figure more closely at the top and to trim the opening at the back with groups of small buttons or to close the back and open the skirt on one side, and to add the same button trimming on the hip seams; both are new touches which take away from the excessive plainness of not having gathers or plaits.

PRETTY MODEL FOR CROSS-STRIPED MATERIAL FOR SKIRTS AND BODICE

One of the favorite plain skirt models in new Paris gowns has bias seams in front and in the back. All such skirts measure four yards round the bottom. Cross-striped materials, both in woollens and silks, which are so popular at the moment, look their best when their skirts are made up after this model. As an instance, there is a very smart novelty material, having a fine, cloth-like foundation, cross-striped with satin cords an inch apart, and found in all the modish colors of the season. There is no need of a fitted flounce or trimming on a skirt of this material and model, for that reason is it mentioned as the smartest and least expensive skirt one may choose. The meeting of these stripes on the bias on front and back seams is in itself a most effective trimming.

The bodice material for the back is seamed on the bias to correspond, which carries a

charming line from neck to hem of skirt. The material for the fronts starts on the bias under the arms, and drapes up toward the centre. Velvet is then used for the chemisette, or the small coachman's cape, or the divided collars, which separate front and back—three of the smart styles observed on French gowns.

SLEEVE—CHEMISETTE

Bias seams are also carried out on the sleeves. All new sleeves are slit up very high above the wrists. This gives a chance for effective small button grouping, when buttons are used, as they are popular, especially beautifully designed very small ones. When medium sizes are used two in a group are sufficient. Chemisettes are no longer,

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worn down to the bust as in summer. They are carried up higher, and so are revers, because we must now show more of our tight-fitting corsage below than we have been doing.

The tops of sleeves fit closer this season, and one cross row of flat trimming laid on a little below the arm seam is thought very smart.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES

- (1) The writer's full name and address must accompany letters to Vogue.
- (2) When so requested by the correspondent, neither name, initials nor address will be published, provided a pseudonym is given as a substitute to identify the reply.
- (3) Correspondents will please write only on one side of their letter paper.
- (4) Emergency questions only answered by mail before publication, and with \$1.00 paid by correspondent.

So many questions of exactly, or almost exactly the same character, are asked Vogue, that it has become necessary to number them for convenience in reference. Subscribers should keep files of Vogue. There are, to date, over 1000 questions numbered and indexed in Vogue Office.

1159. Evening Wedding Gowns. To Marion.—Will you kindly advise me if décolleté gowns will be worn this season at evening weddings? I have a heavy pink satin gown. Will you suggest a smart model? I suppose the combination will depend greatly upon my coloring. I am a bruno-blonde with gray eyes.

Decolleté gowns are correct for evening weddings and receptions. Model 5305 using ruffles of mousseline de soie covered with silver spangled white lace would look well in pink satin. Also model 5332, Vogue 15 Sep., using applications of white lace where this model is figured. Lace appliqué and embroidery will be used to a great extent on evening gowns this winter. The accompanying description of this gown is pretty, except, of

course, in your case use mousseline de soie and velvet ribbon to match your satin.

1160. New Golf Hat—When Taffeta and Velvet Jackets are Worn. To G. I. M.—(1) What is the newest hat suitable for golf? The large felt military hats are becoming so common I should like something newer and ahead of the times.

(2) Also on what occasions are the taffeta and velvet jackets worn? To a luncheon for instance?

(1) A new hat suitable for golf is illustrated in Vogue 6 October, on the lower right hand figure of the page 213.

(2) The taffeta and velvet jackets are worn at luncheons and receptions, but rather more at receptions as these jackets are too warm for a luncheon where one sits in a heated room for several hours.

1161. Traveling Dress for Wedding—Simple Breakfast. To L. V. V.—(1) What would be a stylish traveling suit to be married in? I am quite short and a blonde.

(2) What could I have for a nice but in expensive wedding breakfast?

(1) Model 5372, Vogue 22 September, would be a stylish traveling gown. As you are short a plain skirt fitting the hips and flaring at the bottom, but without a flounce, would be most becoming. The jacket of this gown is also adapted for a short figure, as the half length coats or cutaways are most unbecoming unless the wearer is tall and slender. Have the gown made of dark blue broadcloth, with the lapels and stole fronts embroidered in delicate colors on the cloth. The skirt may be of white or pistache green silk, a delicate shade which is smart with blue. A toque of blue velvet, with black or white wings as shown on right lower figure, on page 191, Vogue 22 September, would look well worn with this gown.

(2) A simple wedding breakfast would be Oysters on half-shell
Clam broth
Creamed mushrooms and chicken served in panikins

- Filet of beef—potatoes—peas
- Celery salad
- Individual ices—wedding cake
- Black coffee

This breakfast is to be served in courses, not a buffet breakfast. You did not say in your question which you wished. If possible champagne should be served throughout the luncheon.

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